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A Narrative Fact Story Based Authoritatively on the Inexorable Mathematics of War—What Can Be Done to Oppose an Invading Army With Our Actual Present Resources In Regulars, Trained Militia, Untrained Citizens, Coast Defenses, Field Artillery, and All Other Weapons of Defense.

FOREWORD BY AUTHOR.

The only theoretical assumption in this series of articles is that the United States is attacked. Every other incident is a straight statement of what absolutely must happen in such a case with our military establishment remaining what it is today. In the words of certain foremost military executives of the United States army who have cognizance of these articles, it is "THE COLD TRUTH."

Nothing is overstated or understated. Every reference to military efficiency, supplies of cannon, ammunition and other implements, numbers of men in the various military units, and so forth, is based conscientiously on the actual resources shown today in the official records of the military establishments of the United States.

The description of the preparatory mobilization, assemblage and management of our regular army and militia has been approved as technically correct.

The description of the procedure of our small army in the presence of a large enemy army that has successfully landed is not a piece of "armchair strategy." It is what an American weaker force must inevitably do in modern war conditions.

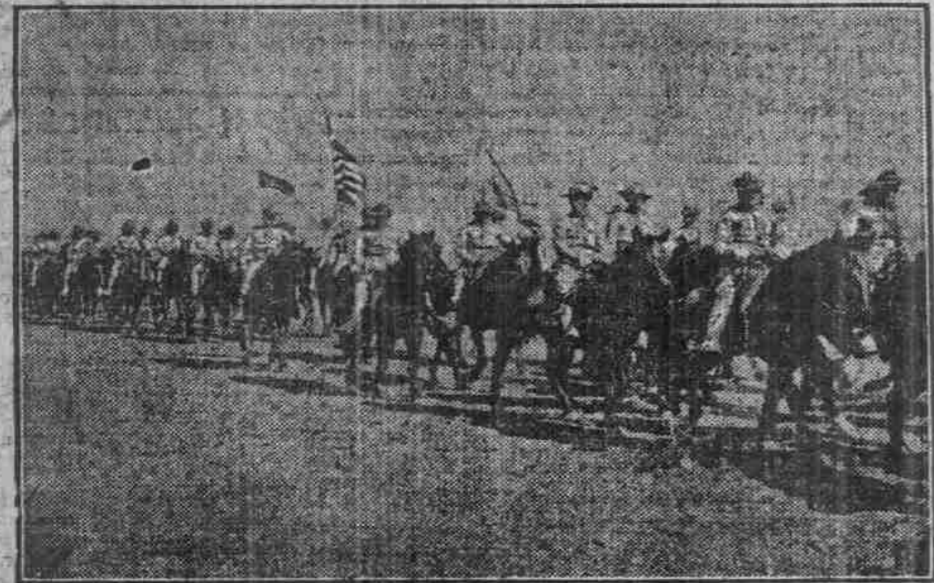
This story is not a plea for militarism. It is not a plea for anything. It is intended simply to tell in logical sequence facts that do exist. It is the answer of military experts who long have faced these facts apprehensively to the question, "Can we defend ourselves?"

CHAPTER I.

"It Is Terrorism."

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The president, as commander in chief of the army and navy, has ordered a grand joint maneuver of the fleet, the regular army and the organized militia (national guard) of divisions 5, 6, 7 and 8, comprising New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

No comment from official circles accompanied this dispatch when it was printed in the newspapers. None was uttered. Ever since the great coalition



THEIR FIFTH CAVALRY WAS BEING ASSEMBLED LIKE A PICTURE PUZZLE.

had been formed America had faced the probability of war.

In the White House there was a conference of the cabinet, attended by the chief of staff of the United States army and the admiral who was president of the general board of the navy.

"The regular troops are moving," reported the chief of staff. "Every last man of 'em is on the way east." He laughed grimly. "I take no credit for it. The trains of the country can do it without changing a schedule. Do you know, gentlemen, that even the smaller roads often handle an excursion crowd as big as this whole army of ours?"

The secretary of war shrugged his shoulders. "Despite all the talk of recent years, despite all our official reports, I doubt if the people realize it." "Make them!" said the president. "Drive it home to them before war is brought to our coasts." He turned to the two chiefs of staff. "Give the newspapers a statement about the 'maneuvers' that will give the public the cold truth."

"The fleet," said the admiral to the newspaper correspondents an hour later, "is assumed to be an enemy fleet too powerful for opposition. It will attempt to land at least 100,000 fighting forces somewhere on the Atlantic coast. It is conceded that an actual enemy planning invasion would not come with less than that number. It is conceded also that a sufficiently powerful fleet can transport that number and move safely across the ocean. The navy, further, concedes the land-

ing." [Authorities concede these matters.]

"But our coast defenses, admiral," spoke the correspondent of a Boston newspaper. "We've been told that those affairs with their fourteen and twelve inch mortar batteries and mines and things are as powerful as any in the world and can stand off any fleet."

"They are not coast defenses, sir," answered the chief of staff. "They are harbor defenses. They can stop warships from entering our great harbors. They cannot prevent an enemy from landing on the coast out of their range. And on the Atlantic coast of the United States there are hundreds of miles of utterly undefended beach where any number of men can land as easily as if they were tripping landing for a picnic. All those miles of shore and all the country behind them lie as open to invasion," he held out his hand, "as this."

"Then what's the use of them?" "They furnish a protected harbor within which our own navy could take refuge if defeated or scattered," said the admiral. "They make our protected cities absolutely secure against a purely naval attack. No navy could readily pass the defenses, and probably none would venture so close as even to bombard them seriously. Certainly no fleet could bombard the cities behind them."

"Therefore," he continued, "if an enemy wishes to bring war to us he must land an army of invasion. Our harbor defenses force him to do that; but, having forced him to bring the army, their function ceases. They cannot prevent him from landing it. We have to do that with our army."

"And could you stop him, or is that a military secret?" asked one of the party. He did it tentatively. He had been a war correspondent with foreign armies, and he did not expect a reply.

"My dear boy," answered the chief of staff promptly, "there probably isn't a general staff in the world that doesn't know all about us to the last shoe on the last army mule. We've got 88,000 men in the regular army, officers and privates. [See war department reports, 1915.]

"Of these, you may count on 18,000. They are noncombatants—cooks, hospital staffs, teamsters, armorers, blacksmiths, and all the other odds and ends that an army must have, but can't use for fighting. Now, cut out another 21,000 men. Those are fighting men, but they're not here. They're in Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines, China and Alaska—and we wish that we had about three times as many there, especially in Panama. How much does that leave? Forty-eight thousand? Very well. That's what we've got here at home. But you'll please count out another 17,000. They're in the coast artillery, and have to man the harbor defenses of which we've been talking."

"It can't guess," said the secretary. "In the hands of the newspapers," replied the president.

The newspapers did not require to be told that the purpose of this novel news service from the enemy was terrorism.

They answered terrorism by printing the news.

Then the sea coast cities began to call on Washington. By telephone and telegraph they demanded protection. It was a chorus from Maine to Georgia. Into the White House thronged the congressmen.

"Defend us! Defend our people! Defend our towns!" said they. [This is exactly what happened during the Spanish-American war.]

"We cannot do it!" said the chief of staff. "No wit of man can guess at what point of many hundred miles the enemy will strike. He may land on the New Jersey coast to take Philadelphia. He may land on Long Island to march to New York. He may strike at Boston. He may land between Boston and New York, on the Rhode Island or Massachusetts coasts, and keep us guessing whether he'll turn west to New York or east to Boston. He may even strike for both at once."

"Then why not put men into each place to protect it?" demanded a congressman. "Are those great cities to be left wide open?"

"You know how many regulars we've got. Do you know how many effective men we've pulled together by calling out those eastern divisions of organized militia? Their enrolled strength is 50,000 men. Their actual active strength as shown by attendance figures has been only about 30 per cent of that, but we were lucky. [From United States war department reports for 1915 on militia organization.]

"This danger has brought out all, probably, that were able to come. Still, there are less than 30,000 men, and not quite half of those have had good field training. We need them. We need them so badly that we're putting them all in the first line. But it's a little bit like—well, it's murder."

"Then you mean to say—" "I mean to say," answered the chief of staff, with a set face, "that the army is going to take what it has and do its best. But it's going to do it in its own way. No enemy will dream of landing an invading army unless it is decisive, overpowering, superior to our own."

moved to their appointed places. So far scattered was the American army, so small were its units, that only a few civilians here and there could have noticed that troops were being moved at all.

More than one unmilitary citizen, looking over his newspaper that morning, cursed the politics that had maintained the absurd, worthless, wasteful army posts, and cursed himself for having paid no heed in the years when thoughtful men had called on him and his fellows to demand a change.

More than one citizen, when he left his house to go to his accustomed work, looked up at the sky and wondered with a sinking heart how soon it would seem black with war.

It was a peaceful, soft sky, with baby clouds sleeping on its bland, blue arch. It radiated a tranquil warmth of coming spring, and under it the Atlantic ocean lay equally peaceful, equally soft, equally tranquil.

Yet even as the people of America were taking up the day's work, under that soft tranquil sea, a message was darting through the encrusted cables that swept away all peace.

Before noon, from sea to sea and from lakes to gulf, from the valley of the Hudson to the Sierras of the Rockies, from Jupiter Inlet to the Philippines, ran the silent alarm of the telegraph that the great coalition had declared war!

Forty-eight hours later the combined battle fleet of the four nations put to sea with its army transports, bound for the American coast. [Speed of embarkation of a mobilized and prepared army as calculated by European military staff officers.]

The United States learned of its departure before its rear guard had well cleared the land. The news did not come from American spies. It came from the coalition itself.

War, the chameleon, as Clausewitz called it, was presenting a new aspect of its unexpected phases. Not a cable had been cut following the declaration of war, and now the submarine cables and the wireless began to bring official news from the enemy—news addressed not to the American government, but to the American people.

It was news that told of an invulnerable fleet carrying more than a thousand rifled cannon of the largest caliber ever borne by ships in all the world.

It told of enough great battleships alone (and named them) to match the republic's fleet, with a Dreadnought for every effective American ship of any kind. [One thousand rifled cannon could be enumerated from the naval lists of less than four powers. Less than four powers could match our navy with battleships.]

"Clever!" said the secretary of state to the president. "It is terrorism."

"Don't you think that you'd better reconsider your idea of letting this go through?" asked the secretary of war. "It's pretty dangerous stuff."

"It's the nation's war," answered the president. "Will it demoralize our people to know the truth, even under the guise of terrorism? Do you know in whose hands I'm going to leave that question?"

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Now, congressman, the only way for an inferior army to accomplish anything is to refuse battle until the chances are as favorable as they can be made. The inferior force must retire before a superior. It must force the invader to follow till he is weakened by steadily lengthening lines of communications. His distances of food and ammunition transport grow. He becomes involved in strange terrain. Last, but not least, he gets more and more deeply into a land filled with a hostile population. But if we must defend a specific place at all hazards then we must stand and give battle—well, it will be only one battle."

"You mean?" "I mean that such a battle is decided already. It was decided years ago when the country refused to prepare."

"Good God, man!" The congressman wiped his forehead with a trembling fat hand. "I can't go back and tell my people that."

"You'd better not," said the general grimly. The unhappy man and other unhappy men like him went back to their constituencies knowing that now no campaign oratory would serve. Softer the news they must and would, but they were the bearers of ill tidings, and they knew what comes to these.

The stricken cities heard. From all the great coast, with its piled gold and silver, there arose a cry. Men shook their fists and cursed the machinery of politics that had worked through the blind years to hinder, to deceive and to waste. The pork barrel ceased all at once to be the great American joke.

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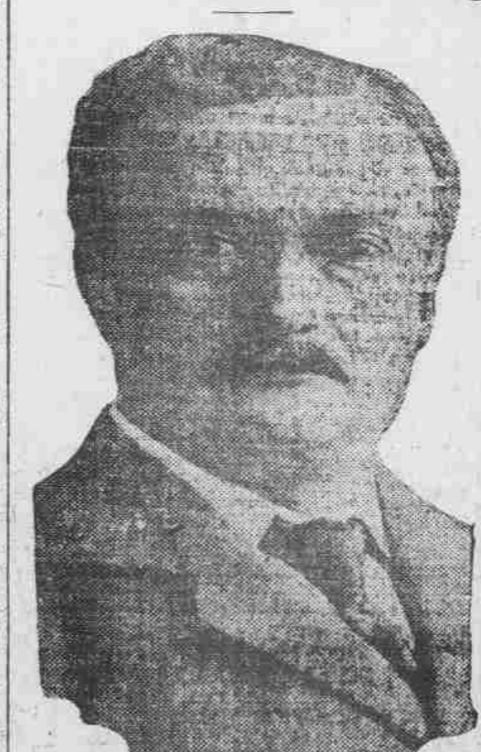
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Irish Nationalist Leader Suffers from Ptomaine Poisoning



JOHN E. REDMOND

Dispatches from abroad say that John E. Redmond, the Irish nationalist leader, is suffering from ptomaine poisoning and has been unable to attend sessions of parliament.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

The Metropolitan A. A. U. track and field championships take place at Travers Island today.

The receivers of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway report a deficit of \$83,869 for April.

The battleship Arizona will be launched at Brooklyn navy yard today. Wine and water will be used.

Benjamin Lanser, 21 months old, was instantly killed by falling four stories from his home in New York.

The New York Public Service Commission now permits smoking in a modified way on street cars.

Slow but steady improvement in the condition of King Constantine was reported in a bulletin to the Greek legation at Washington.

Augusto Villeneuve, one of the Chilean delegates to the Pan-American financial congress at Washington, sailed for South America on the American liner St. Paul.

Free transportation or transportation at reduced rates of cars with exhibits of state agricultural colleges, was declared lawful by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The new Dudley Gate at Harvard University, erected in honor of Thomas Dudley, eight times governor of Massachusetts under the colony's first charter, was dedicated.

Residents of the lower sections of Kansas City were prepared to meet flood conditions, which, according to the government weather bureau, may prevail within 48 hours.

The Pathfinder race in a Chicago to Seattle relay car skidded and turned turtle about 12 miles east of Seattle, killing former State Senator George B. Dickson of Ellensburg, Wash.

Thirty-nine years after completing a course at the Iowa Farm College, J. W. Bonck of Royallton is to receive a diploma and be graduated with the degree of bachelor of science.

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